

PREFACE.

HAVING seen how effective was the play entitled "The Flower of Holy Well," we deemed that the legend of St. Ursula could be made equally effective for a school play. We have culled from various poets the language for our characters. For instance, having based the plot upon the popular version used by Miss E. A. Starr, we introduce two poems from Longfellow, extracts from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Milton's "Paradise Lost," Moore, de Vere, and short extracts from various other sources. The words of the chorus in Act III. are from Francillon's cantata of "St. Ursula," the music* of which, by F. H. Cowen, may be used, but is rather heavy for young voices. The description of the costumes is not arbitrary; those "setting" the play should use their own taste in colors and trimmings. The description is merely suggestive, as copies from pictures of the period are better aids.

SUGGESTIONS.

Should it be desirable to use this play for a large school of girls only, the chorus may make it available; the Chorus of Maidens could be given by the young ladies of 15 years and over, the Chorus of Huns by the girls of 12 and over, and the Chorus of Angels could be visible and given by the very little girls. The music can be adapted to the words according to the taste of the teacher and the ability of the singer. Scene 1, Act I., gives opportunity for concerted work with several instruments, and vocal solos and choruses. Should it be used for a limited number, the chorus may be omitted. The poem in Scene 1 may be omitted and a short repetition of the story given, in order to continue the dialogue.

*Price \$1.50; for sale by Edgar S. Werner, 108 East 16th Street, New York.

CHARACTERS.

URSULA, Princess of Brittany.

THEONOTUS, King of Brittany, her father.

LADY ODILIA,	{	ladies of the court.
LADY CORDULA,		
LADY CUNERA,		
LADY COLUMBA,		
LADY OLIVA,		
LADY IDA,	{	her protégées.
LITTLE IMA,		
LITTLE LILLIE,		

Courtiers and ladies in attendance.

CONON, Prince of England.

AGRIPPINUS, King of England, his father.

AMBASSADOR of his court.

CARADOC, a baron at his court.

Courtiers and ladies in attendance.

LADY ALBA,	{	of England.
LADY ROSA,		
LADY ERINNA,	{	of Ireland.
LADY IERNE,		
LADY SCOTIA,	{	of Scotland.
LADY ZETTA,		

A number of maidens for each.

ATTILA, Chief of the Huns.

ROAS	{	his officers.
BLEDA		

A number of Huns.

COSTUMES.

Ursula, Act I., Scene 1: Soft cream-colored flowing robe, trimmed with gold at throat, pointed girdle of gold, flowing sleeves open at shoulder over long tight sleeves, gold bands at wrists and above elbows, white veil held with pointed circlet of gold, sandals. Scene 2: The same, with a long watteau cloak of green held with gold clasps on breast, or cord and tassels. Scene 3: In full, rich regalia of a queen. Acts II. and III.: Flowing robe of red trimmed with gold as in Scene 1, a rich lace veil with gold circlet, and green cloak as in Scene 2.

Conon: Through all, short tunic of green trimmed with gold, short crimson cloak lined with gold color and trimmed with gold over one shoulder, gold circlet on head, hair flowing, cream stockings, brown sandals, belt with battle-ax. In Act III., Scenes 2 and 3, he should have helmet, spear and shield, or a full armor.

King Theonotus, Scenes 1 and 2: A short tunic of red with coat of green, long shoulder sleeves or flaps, a small gold circlet around a green velvet cap. Act I., Scene 3: Dark green tunic to ankles trimmed with gold, brown sandals, long red cloak trimmed with ermine, crown and sceptre.

King Agrippinus: Full regalia.

Attila: Short leather colored tunic trimmed with fur or fringe, a loose jacket of brown or leather color below waist trimmed with red, tight sleeves to wrist and flaps to elbow, a collar or cape with steel effect, helmet with wings or horns, bow and arrows, or battle-ax and shield. Any set of weapons may be adopted; spear and shield is the most picturesque.

Roas and Bleda: The same, also the other Huns, but with battle-axes and bows and arrows.

Ladies attendant on Ursula are all in white, the same as Ursula, but dresses trimmed with silver and plain band on head.

Lady Alba: White flowing robe, same as Ursula, without veil, but garlands of white roses on head and at corsage.

Lady Rosa: Same, with garlands of red roses.

Lady Erinna: Same, with garlands of shamrocks.

Lady Ierne: Same, with garlands of shamrocks.

Lady Scotia: Same, with garlands of bluebells and plaid scarf of all colors draped over shoulder.

Lady Zetta: Same, but with blue scarf trimmed with silver, and silver circlet for head.

The attendants of each should wear scarf of her colors.

Ima and Lillie: Shorter robes than the Ladies, flowing hair with silver bands, no veils, and silver sandals. The Ladies of each court should have sandals of the same color as their robe trimmings.

Dramas by the Ursulines of St. Teresa's:

"JOAN OF ARC," = = PRICE,

"URSULA OF BRITTANY," 25c. EACH.

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URSULA OF BRITTANY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Coast of Brittany. A garden. Sitting in groups with needlework or books or musical instruments, LADIES ODILIA, CORDULA, CUNERA, and LITTLE IMA.

ODILIA. Our fair Princess is late this morning, and a fair, bright day it is. The sun is toward the noon and yet we have not seen her loved face.

CUNERA. She still remains before the altar, as I have seen her oft of late, so rapt, as if in converse with the Holy One imprisoned there.

CORDULA. How tiresome, to be sure, to be always praying ! I can scarce say my morning orisons ere I must haste away to these green woods.

CUN. Yes, 'tis true, when *forced* to stay it *is* tiresome, but then, you know, you are not the Princess Ursula.

COR. That is true, for if I were the Princess Ursula, I would not long remain pent up in this dull place. I would soon choose from the many princes who are her suitors. But she disdains them all, and remains with the King, her father.

OD. And such a father ! Who can blame her ? While she has all the prerogatives of a queen, why should she leave this almost absolute sway to be only queen consort to some rough warrior ? Our gracious King loves his only daughter more than any husband would. [*Enter IDA with OLIVA and COLUMBA.*] Oh, here comes Ida with the “dove” and the “olive !”

IDA. Yes, dear friends, I bring to you the symbols of meekness and peace.

OLIVA. I greet you, fair friends, and say with our Holy One, "My peace I give to you," one and all.

COLUMBA. And I say, may the "dove" dwell with you ever.

COR. [*ironically*]. Oh, to be sure; you will both bide with us until fond suitors claim you, then farewell to "peace" for all of us, I ween; for you will have your lords on whom to dance attendance, and we [*sighing*] be dying of envy that we have none upon whom to bestow our wifely care. What say you, sweet ones all?

OL. Now I, for one, shall not; for I shall have no lord but the Lord of Peace who was meek and humble of heart.

IDA. I would say the same, my dear, could I be sure of giving myself to Him in my youth and die for Him as dear Agnes of Rome.

COL. That blessing may be yours sooner than you think; for have you not heard of the threatened invasion of our shores by the pagans across the channel?

IDA. No. Oh, how nice that will be! Then I shall have my chance of martyrdom.

COR. And I my chance of a noble warrior to take me to his island home and make me a queen.

CUN. How worldly you are, Cordie! But if the truth were proved and the trial came, it would not surprise me if you were the bravest to die for your faith.

COR. No, no, not die would I, but *live* for it, and convert those "noble Angles into angels."

IDA. Oh, yes, I think I should like that, too.

OL. Do you know, I think our fair Princess has some forebodings. She seems more contemplative than ever. I have seen her with that far-off look in her eyes, as if she had a vision of futurity.

IDA. Ah ! here she comes, and looking as you say. A vision herself she seems. [*All look off L.*]

[*Enter URSULA, L.*]

URSULA. Fair day to you all, sweet ones. [*All rise.*]

OD. The day is fair, indeed, to us when our dear Princess deigns to bear us company. We have waited long for your coming.

UR. Yes, the morn is far spent; but let us now make amends for the long delay, and to our studies hie. What read you there, Odilia dear?

[*Enter, running up to URSULA and embracing her, IMA and LILLIE.*]

IMA. Dear, dear Princess, will you tell us what you mean by "Magi?" Lillie says they are birds with bright plumage and sing oh, so sweetly. Are they birdies?

UR. No, my little pet, they are wise men.

IMA and LILLIE. Oh, only men?

IDA. Yes, but there were three Magi, three kings who went to look for our Lord.

IMA. Three kings! [*Counts 1, 2, 3 on fingers.*] I do not know what you mean by kings.

IDA. Why, do you not know our good King Theonotus?

LILLIE. Oh, is our good papa Theonotus a king? Then I like kings.

IMA. Now tell us, Ida, about the three kings you call the Magi.

UR. Yes, dear little ones, she shall. Ida, dear, recount the history of the Magi.

IDA. Three Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar.

Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day

For their guide was a wonderful, beautiful star.
The star was so beautiful, large and clear

That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.
Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows
Three caskets of gold with golden keys.
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows;
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.
And so the Three Kings rode into the West
Through the dusk of night over hill and dell;
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked as they paused to rest
With the people they met at some wayside well.
“Of the Child that is born,” said Baltasar,
“Good people, I pray you tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen His star,
And have ridden fast and have ridden far
To find and worship the King of the Jews.”
And the people answered: “You ask in vain.
We know of no king but Herod the Great!”
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste and who cannot wait.
And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them,
And said: “Go down into Bethlehem
And bring me tidings of this new King.”
So they rode away; and the star stood still—
The only one in the grey of morn;—
Yes, it stopped; it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem over the hill,
The City of David, where Christ was born.

And the Three Kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn-yard;
But the windows were closed and the doors were barred
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet with the breath of kine,
The little Child in the manger lay,—
The Child that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath;
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete;
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wandered and bowed her head
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their home by another way.

UR. How beautiful!

LIL. What did they run after the star for? I have run after
a star, too, but I could not reach it. Could the Wise Men reach
it? Oh, how I should like to have one to play with!

UR. No, my little lily of the valley, you could not have one and neither did the Wise Men reach it; but they followed it and it stopped over the house where our dear Lord, the little Christ Child, was born. When you are older you will understand it better. [*To the others.*] May we ever follow *our* guiding stars, sisters mine.

CUN. What will it be? oh, what will it be?

UR. Seek to know God's holy will in all things. Follow the teachings of our holy mother, the Church.

How many lives made beautiful and sweet
By self-devotion and self-restraint
Whose pleasure is to run without complaint
On unknown errands of the Paraclete,
Fail of the nimbus artists paint
Around the forehead of the saint.

OD. My maxim shall be:

“Let nothing disturb me,
Let nothing affright me.
All things are passing,
God never changeth.
Who God possesseth
In nothing is wanting,
Alone God sufficeth.”

UR. Ah, Odilia mine, you have the key to the treasures of Heaven. [*Looking off L.*] Ah, here comes the King, my father! His look is anxious. What sees he there?

[*Look R., forward. Enter THEONOTUS L. looking off R. URSULA goes to meet him, takes his hand and kisses it.*]

UR. Ah, my gracious King and father dear, what does that anxious mien portend? Why gaze you so earnestly seaward?

[*Ladies withdraw to L. and stand in groups looking off R.*]

THEONOTUS. See you not, my daughter, the stir among the fishermen along the shore? There are ships off the coast. They are gay with the colors of “Old Britain.”

UR. Oh, my father, whence come they, and come they for peace or for war?

THEO. God only knows! But we shall know ere long, my child; and whether for peace or for war, our hospitality shall be offered. If for peace, we shall thus fix their good intentions; and if for war, we may thus take the malice from their hearts. God knows, we have only to act like good Christians, brave and hospitable. I have ordered the courtiers to meet them and conduct them to the castle. Now, my daughter, you have to take the place of your departed mother, and to your duty as a daughter is added the dignity of Queen of your father's court. You must help me, then, to welcome these strangers to Brittany.

UR. [*kissing his hand*]. Your pleasure is mine, my father and King.

SCENE II. —Room in castle. KING THEONOTUS in centre on a dais. His courtiers and the strangers stand on each side.

THEO. Hail, heralds! and if from God, I welcome you the more; since great is God, and therefore great His gifts. Speak without fear, for him alone I hate who brings ill news or makes unjust demands, unmeet for kings.

AMBASSADOR. We thank you for your most gracious [*all bowing*] welcome, and haste to disclose the object of our visit, the sole reason why we turned our prows, by royal mandate, toward the stormy coast of Brittany. It is no other than to secure the hand of the Princess Ursula for the King's son Conon, the heir to the British throne. Her graces of mind and heart are already famous; and since our eyes have beheld her, we can say our King was wise to send us across this rough channel, if we can win so fair a bride for Prince Conon. Happy will it be for Britain to be ruled by such a queen.

THEO. Noble lords, you honor me and my house. I know your young Prince to be of royal mind and good heart. But you must remember, the Princess is my only child, and if her grace

and virtues have so won your hearts, what must she not be to me? I beg you, therefore, noble lords and true ambassadors of England's King, to give me time for thought. Meanwhile, all that my castle holds and my kingdom can supply is at your command.

AMB. We doubt not a favorable answering, knowing, as we do, the mighty deeds of the Britons and the manly beauty, valor and goodness of our young Prince. We thank you again, in the name of our King and the Prince, for your courteous hospitality.

[*The courtiers lead the strangers off R., each one bowing ere leaving. The King, after all have passed out, throws himself dejectedly into a chair. Enter URSULA, starts in surprise, then runs to King and embraces him.*]

UR. My father, what has happened? The strangers came as friends, the banquet was genial—Why are you anxious and unhappy?

THEO. Ah, my child, all our peaceful years are over. These strangers came as friends, 'tis true, but they have heard of my treasure, and they would take from me all that makes life happy.

UR. Say not so, my King, my father. What would they have? Give of your stores, but let not peace be broken.

THEO. What would be a crown, a kingdom, without you, my treasure? And they have come in their brave ships and gay equipage to ask of me my only real treasure on earth,—you, my rose, my daughter!

UR. But, my father, you have only to tell these noble lords, so honorable and courtly, that your daughter is pledged to an eternal Spouse; that of all mortals her father alone can claim her service.

THEO. You forget, my child, these noble Britons are all pagans. They have never heard of that Jesus to whom you are solemnly pledged, or have heard of Him only to despise Him. They will never understand such reason for rejecting the offer of their King. It will be a deadly insult in their eyes. No,

no, my child, there is nothing but ruin and sorrow before us. I cannot give you to these pagans and thus force you to break your solemn vow; and to refuse their proffer of alliance is to lay my kingdom open to their dreadful invasions. These ships, which now lie so peacefully on the beach, would come to us full of warriors armed to the teeth, unsparing in their revenge. Alas, my child ! upon what misfortunes have we not fallen ? [*Sadly.*]

[URSULA *during this speech has stood with hands clasped as if in prayer.*]

UR. [*cheerily*]. Do not be so cast down, my father. If you are perplexed as a Christian king, Christ, our heavenly King, will not leave you a prey to the ignorance of His claim upon our love and fealty. I am a mere girl; but it is not the wisdom of the wise which is needed to answer these proud ambassadors. Do not be fretted over this visit of the Britons. Give them swift audience and allow me, with the help of God, who can inspire even *babes* to utter His wise counsels, to answer the ambassadors in this matter.

THEO. As you wish, my child. I know it is not presumption on your part that prompts this strange request. I pray the Lord of the sweet and the fair, for whom is all beauty alone, that no hand ever dare to cull thee but His own.

[URSULA *kneels*. THEONOTUS *places his hand on her head and looks up during those words, then goes out*. URSULA ³*remains kneeling with head bowed*. *Soft music is played, then an invisible chorus sings softly the "Veni Sponsa."* URSULA *raises her head, and at the close starts up.*]

UR. [*fervently*]. What potent spirit guides the raptured eye
To pierce the shades of dim futurity !
Can Wisdom lend with all her heavenly power ?
Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man,
Her dim horizon bound only to a span.
Angel of Truth, thy glittering plumes explore
Earth's loneliest realm and ocean's wildest shore.

Go, child of Heaven,
 To thy tongue, shall seraph words be given
 And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven.
 Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's command
 When Israel marched along the desert land —
 Where barbarous hordes o'er wildest mountains roam.
 Truth, Faith and Mercy yet shall find a home.
 O Sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased a while ;
 But the proud lords of those rebellious lands shall see
 That man hath yet a soul and dare be free.
 Faith shall restore the light by nature given,
 And like Prometheus, bring fire from Heaven.
 Yes, there are hearts prophetic hope may trust
 That slumber yet in unregenerate dust,
 Ordained to free the adoring sons of earth
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth ;
 Ordained to light with supernal day
 The mazy wheels of nature as they play.
 [*Rapturously.*] Come, Heavenly Powers, primeval peace
 restore ;
 Faith, Hope and Love, come, rule forevermore,
 Above, below, in ocean, earth and sky !
 [*Ardently.*] Ursula, daughter of the Faith, awake, arise,
 And bid these souls aspire to homes above the skies.
 [*Reverently.*] Thou Christ, my Spouse, my Holy One,
 In me let all Thy holy will be done ;
 And from a glorious virgin band
 Ring pæans jubilant through every land !
 Ere gilds the mountain tops the morrow's sun,
 I go, I haste, my Lord, my only One !

[During the last eight lines, the "Veni Sponsa" is played softly. COLUMBA, OLIVA, IDA, CORDULA, CUNERA, ODILIA, approach softly. When URSULA has finished the lines, she remains standing in attitude of exaltation; the others pose in

wondering reverence, looking at URSULA. Music continues till curtain falls. Red light may be given.]

SCENE III.—Throne-room of castle. KING THEONOTUS and PRINCESS URSULA seated on throne. The courtiers are on the King's right, the ladies on the Princess's left. The strangers are on each side, front.

THEO. Noble sirs, to you I present my daughter, the Princess Ursula, to whom now in person you may make known your errand here.

AMB. Your Majesty, most august King [*bowing*], and you, oh, most gracious Princess [*bowing low*], I have the honor to be commissioned by my own gracious sovereign, Agrippinus, King of England, to ask the hand of the Princess in marriage for his only son and heir to his throne, Prince Conon of England.

THEO. My daughter, the Princess Ursula, will herself answer the ambassadors.

UR. [*rising with dignity*]. I thank my lord, the King of England, and Conon, his princely son, and his noble barons, and you, sirs, his honorable ambassadors, for the honor you have done me, so much greater than my deserving. I hold myself bound to your King as to a second father, and to the Prince, his son, as to my brother and bridegroom, for to no other will I ever listen. [*The ambassadors all bow low.*] But I have three requests to make, to be complied with ere I can bestow my hand and promise fealty to your gracious sovereigns. [*All press forward to listen.*] First, he shall give to me, as my ladies and companions, ten virgins of the noblest blood in his kingdom. [*The ladies look at one another.*] To each of these ten, a thousand attendants, and to me, a thousand maidens to wait upon me. Second, he shall allow me to do honor to my virginity for three years, during which period, with my companions, to visit the holy shrines where repose the bodies of the saints. My third request is, that the Prince and all his court shall receive baptism, for other than a perfect Christian I may not wed.

THEO. [*aside, and raising his hands in prayer*]. O, heavenly wisdom of this answer! If the King of England grants the demands, then the court of England will be Christian, the King a Christian, and eleven thousand virgins redeemed, and dedicated to the service of the God of the Christians.

AMB. Noble Princess, we thank you for your gracious answer, and now we offer you our homage as to our future queen. [*Each of the strangers approaches URSULA, kneels on one knee and kisses her hand.*]

ALL. Long live the Princess Ursula!
[*Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—England. A room in the King's palace. KING AGRIPPINUS, PRINCE CONON, BARON CARADOC, AMBASSADOR and others.

AGRIPPINUS. How fared ye, noble lords, on your mission across the channel? Was our offer accepted in good faith, or shall we look for rejection?

CONON. Saw you the noble Ursula? Would she grace our court, and will she accept our hand?

AMB. Your Majesty [*to King*] and most noble Prince, nothing has been exaggerated. We were most cordially welcomed by the King of Brittany and bountifully entertained. We were, indeed, charmed by the beauty, grace and modesty of the Princess Ursula. There was kindness in the dignity of this Christian maiden which we never beheld before. Our King was wise when he sent us in quest of this lovely rose of Brittany.

AGRIP. Pray, haste to tell her answer.

AMB. The requests she makes ere acceding are: First, ten maidens of the best blood and each to have a thousand maids in attendance, with a thousand for her personal service; second, that your Majesty, the Prince and the whole court shall become Christians and be baptized; third, that she be granted three years in which, in company with these ladies and maidens, to visit the shrines of the saints at Rome.

CARADOC. The conditions are outrageous! Surely your Majesty will not comply.

AGRIP. Nay, my good lord, we will not refuse, but will leave it to his Royal Highness, the Prince, to accept or reject these conditions, he having the same privilege as the Princess.

CON. O, my King and my father, O noble barons and faithful ambassadors, what can compare, to a prince and people, with a noble, virtuous and wise queen? Therefore, do I answer that no conditions can be hard that secure to your son, my father, to your Prince, my noble barons, to the people of England, the Princess Ursula. And since the religion of this Princess has brought forth so sweet a flower of wisdom and of virtue, let us hasten to become Christians, too. Call for those priests who have been so long banished from the court of this kingdom, call them from their dark hiding-places in the mountains and lonely marshes, and let us receive from them the baptism of Christians. As to the train of virgins, which the Princess demands, let them be called; for, to what nobler service can British maidens aspire than to wait upon a princess so gentle and discreet, and who is one day to become their Queen?

AGRIP. You have chosen well, my son. And now, my noble barons, will you consent to become a Christian band around our throne?

ALL. We will, we will, most gracious King!

[*Chorus. Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—Brittany. An open plain or lawn. URSULA seated in centre. The ladies of her court on each side of her, in rear. The ten noble ladies of England on the Princess's right front, with their attendants standing. THEONOTUS and CONON seated L. front, with courtiers standing.

UR. Noble ladies, whom your gracious Prince has brought to me that I may impart the truths of Holy Church, I greet you all as dear sisters, as I welcome you to our virgin band. We'll travel o'er

To honor first the relic store
Of martyrs, who died for love
Of Him who rules the stars above.
Then should it be that Will Divine
All must revere,
To England's coasts our barks we'll steer,
And live to glorify His Name.

[*Here something of the ceremony of the presentation at the Queen's drawing-room may be performed.*]

UR. [*to ALBA and ROSA*]. Fair ladies of roses red and white,
Whence come ye with eyes so bright?

ALBA [*stepping forward and bowing*]. Fair Princess,
From Albion's shores where Angles brave
Await to greet you as their Queen.
When you shall tread upon her shores,
Earth unbidden shall produce her stores.
Yes, the land shall laugh
And circling ocean smile,
And sunlit skies beam o'er your pathway
O'er our happy isle.

ROSA [*stepping forward and bowing*]. To you, fair Princess,
have we come
To learn the way our sovereign to honor and obey.
And whatever else your gracious will
Into our minds and hearts instill.

UR. Friendship and counsel you shall have.

[*To ERINNA and IERNE.*] Tell me, sweet ones, in garlands green,

Where is the land you have left and sigh for, I ween?

ERINNA [*stepping forward and bowing*]. There are sad eyes
that look back upon Erin,

Silent the tears, tho' brave are the hearts.

Plenteous the fruits of that western isle,

Many the kings and the princes erstwhile.

Melodious her rill, tuneful her birds,

Fair are her daughters and comely her mothers,

Gentle her sons and wise are her sires—

There you shall be greeted

More fair than all others.

IERNE [*stepping forward and bowing*]. Fair Princess, come
with me awhile

And wander o'er our sunny isle.

For she is a rich and rare land,

O she is a fresh and fair land,

This native land of mine!

No men than hers are braver,

Her women's hearts ne'er waver.

I'd freely die to save her

And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull nor cold land,

O, she's a true and old land,

This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,

And virtue still reward her,

No foe could cross her border,

No friend within it pine.

We welcome you, dear Princess,

To this native land of mine.

ERIN. To you, dear lady, we have come
To learn the good and true way,

Our Prince to revere and obey.

UR. Daughters of Erin, welcome
From over the beaming sea.
Since the sea has brought you hither
In a dwelling holy you shall be.

[To SCOTIA.] Maiden with scarfs of rainbow hue,
Sunny locks and eyes of blue,
Pray tell to me what land on earth
Brought you from Heaven and gave you birth?
Pray what may those tints convey,
To minds of sombre shade?

SCOTIA [*stepping forward and bowing*]. O, lady fair, our
colors

The rank of our peoples betoken;
One hue for the slave,
Two tints for the peasant,
Three for the warrior brave,
Four for the bountiful host,
Five for the chieftain true to his post,
Six for true hearts and loyal,
Seven for blue blood of race royal.
O lady, would you sit old Cheviot's crest below
And pensive mark the lingering snow,

In all his scaurs abide;
And slow dissolving from the hill,
In many a sightless, soundless rill
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide?
Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
And westward, hills on hills you see,
And Ocean heaves high her waves of foam
Around my bonny highland home.

ZETTA [*stepping forward and bowing*]. In my humble home
There rise no groves and there no gardens blow,
There even the hardy heath scarce dares to grow;

But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm arrayed
 Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade
 With many a cavern seamed.
 A race severe are we. The isle and ocean lords
 Loved for its own the strife with swords.
 With scornful laugh, the mortal pang defied
 And blessed their gods that they in battle died.
 Such were my sires, of simple race.
 And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
 In blue eyes, tall form, proportion rare,
 The limbs athletic and long, light hair.
 But their high deeds to scale the crags confined,
 Their only warfare is with waves and wind.
 And so we've come, sweet lady fair,
 To learn the graces of your mind most rare.

UR. You cheer me, with such willing hearts
 To give what has been sent to me.
 So list, I pray you, to my words,
 As they repeat what we must believe,
 Ere grace to die we shall receive.

CON. Speak on, my Princess. We all attend.

UR. My task is now to tell
 How in the beginning the earth
 Rose out of chaos;
 Of man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death unto the world and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater man
 Restore again the blissful seat;
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt,
 The Angel whose pride
 Had cast him out of Heaven with his host of rebel
 Angels,

Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms;
 Who in serpent's guise
 With guile deceived the mother of mankind.

ALBA. How strange the theme ! Can we this believe ?

CON. [*looking up*]. Thou celestial light,
 Shine inward and the mind thro' all her powers
 Irradiate ! There plant light;
 All mists from thence disperse,
 That she may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

[*During this speech, URSULA stands with hands clasped and eyes raised.*]

UR. [*looking at ALBA and others*].

The Almighty Father high enthroned,
 On His right the radiant image
 Of His glory sat, His only Son.
 To Him He said :

“ Seest thou that rage transports our adversary ?

But man I formed free, and free he must remain
 Till he enthrall himself, yet shall find
 Grace in mercy and justice.

But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.”

Thus, while God spoke, all Heaven,
 And in the blessed spirits sense of new joy diffused.
 Beyond compare the Son was seen most glorious,
 And in His face divine compassion shone,
 Love without end. Then to the Father spoke :

“ O Father, gracious was that word which closed
 Thy sovereign sentence, that man should find grace.”

O Son ! in whom my soul hath chief delight,
 Yet not of will in him but grace in me
 Freely vouchsafed ! But he with all his posterity must
 die.

Die, he or justice must,

Unless for him some other, able as willing pay
Death for death. Say, heavenly powers, ye angels, say,
Where shall we find such love?

Which of ye all will mortal be to redeem
Man's mortal crime, and just the unjust save?
Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear?

But all the heavenly quire stood mute.

On man's behalf intercessor none appeared,

Had not the Son of God

His dearest mediation thus renewed:

“ Father, Thy word is passed. Man shall find grace.

Behold *me* ! Me for him, life for life,

I offer. On Me let all Thine anger fall.

I for man will live, and for him die.

Pleased, Thou shalt look down and smile,

While by Thee raised I ruin all my foes.

Then with the multitude of my redeemed

Shall enter Heaven, Father, to see Thy face eternally.”

CON. O benignity divine !

What joy to be redeemed by such a man !

And so by wondrous birth

The head of all mankind tho' Adam's son,

ALBA. O gracious lady ! who taught you this ?

UR. God, as man, preached the truth

To human kind. From His apostles

The first age received,

Succeeding flocks, succeeding pastors feed.

CON. O Holy Church !

Behold what heavenly rays adorn her brows !

And from his wardrobe he allows

To deck the wedding of his unspotted spouse,

She is one, a shining diadem, thus one, thus pure,

Like the fair ocean ; from east to west

All shores are watered by her wealthy tides.

ROSA. O gracious Prince! that brought us here,
 Our grateful hearts believe.
 And now, fair Princess, lead,
 And we will follow in love and creed.

[*Chorus of maidens, or it may be recited by one maiden. Chorus.*]

We'll follow our Princess bravely as she;
 Tho' days will be dreary while we are gone
 Toil will be weary, hearths will be lone,
 But we'll follow, we'll follow bravely as she.

THEO. [*as URSULA approaches him*].

Speed thee and save thee, child of my love;
 Light on thy going shine from above.
 Glad be thy coming home over the lea,

[*URSULA kneels.*] May He, Father of Fathers, bless thee
 for me!

[*URSULA rises and turns to CONON.*]

CON. Speed thee and save thee, heart of my love,
 Light on thy going shine from above.

UR. Farewell, my friends; my father, fare thee well.
 Conon, once more fare thee well.
 If I may be thine, God's self will choose.

[*During the above the maidens form in groups in back around URSULA, the courtiers at the sides. During chorus URSULA kneels, looking up to THEONOTUS. CONON stands beside her. All three in centre. Chorus. Music from Cantata.*]

CHORUS. Thee God we pray
 Thee who through wind and wilderness
 Canst keep us safe alway.
 For days but servants are of Thee,
 The nights but work Thy will;
 The storm-winds know Thy majesty,—
 Thou speak'st and they are still.
 Thou who canst keep us day and night,
 Thou our God wilt lead us by Thy light,

Nor let us lose the glory of the road;
 Thy staff shall guide our feet above
 To reach beneath the banner of the dove,
 And gain thro' nightless days
 Thy crown whose name we praise.

[*Curtain.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Cologne Cathedral in the distance.

[*Cry of Huns outside.*] Hu! Hu!

[*Enter ATTILA and several Huns.*]

ATTILA. By rivers red, thro' forests black,
 O'er mountain's old and gray
 The ghosts of kingdoms point our track
 And by the sound of rout and rack
 The eagles mark our way.

HUNS. Hu! be blood like wine outpoured!
 What is great? The sword, the sword!

ATT. On, from the Steppes that gave us birth,
 For cold and white are they,
 On, to the Edens of the earth,
 They grow us grapes to make us mirth
 They bear us foes to slay.

HUNS. By rivers red thro' forests black, etc. [*Repeat.*]

ROAS. There is the Cathedral of those Christians.

BLEDA. And there is the Princess Ursula with her maidens
 assembled at their devotions.

ROAS [*to* ATILA]. Shall we cut them off?

ATT. Yes, let them die, for if we allow them to pass through the country they will convert the nation.

BLE. Good! Then we shall hear no more of this Princess Ursula and her 11,000 virgins.

ATT. But spare the Princess, for I shall make her my wife and so have prestige with the great emperor.

ROAS. Then we may all select wives from among her companions?

ATT. Yes, take them for wives, and if they refuse then slay them. Now on!

HUNS. [*Chorus* "Through rivers red," etc. *Exeunt L.*]

[*Enter CONON quickly R.*]

CON. [*excitedly*]. What echoes of woe and war!
Not such are the signs I have journeyed far
To seek that anxious hopes may tell
If aught be ill or all be well.

[*Pointing L.*] There stands the fane that she would
surely pass for prayer;

If well it be, then surely she'll be there.

Heaven keep from strife thy waves,

O Rhine!

Till she be here and Heaven be mine.

The river sings, the river flows,

Its song of songs I hear,

My heart outworn with longing knows

At last that she is near.

How should a champion's heart,

Grown faint with waiting, fail to rove

O'er all the world to seek my saint, my lady, and my love!

Good Angels, bring me back my heart

And give her back the faith

That mortal love hath still its part

In love that conquers death.

What were a heaven of starless skies
 And what all stars above
 But hopes of banished hearts to rise
 To Heaven on wings of love. [*Exit L.*]
 [*Curtain.*]

SCENE II.—Exterior of Cathedral. URSULA, CORDULA, OLIVA, COLUMBA, ODILIA, and a number of the maidens.

UR. Thou who has kept us day and night
 And led us, Thou, our God,
 Will lead us by Thy glory's light,
 Nor let us lose the road.
 Thy staff shall guide our feet
 To reach Thy crown of endless days.
 [*Enter CONON.*]

CON. And thou art here, while o'er the ground
 The forms of demons swarm around.

Fly, Ursula!

UR. Conon! 'Tis thou? and here? Couldst thou not wait
 and trust in me? Why dost thou bid me fly? I see the shield
 of God without whose will is naught.

CON. 'Alas! I boded ill, but not thy death. Away!

UR. Conon, list. While I walked the garden through

I marked the lilies on their stem,
 How in perfect grace they grew,
 Till human hands should gather them.

'Twere surely best to taste alone of Love

That doth with these accord,

The plenteous dew that rains upon

The planted garden of the Lord.

And lo! I caught a whispered word,

An unseen presence touched my side;

And in my soul of souls I heard:

“Hail, Ursula! Hail, chosen bride

Of Him who rules sky, earth and tide!"
 Mine eyes fell open, and I saw
 What I had dreamed, but never known:
 Above me, as a cloud of awe,
 I felt the shadow of the throne!
 It was an angel spake the word,
 And in the sound of harps once more I heard
 "Hail, Ursula! hail, chosen bride!
 Not to the courts of earthly kings,
 Not to the dross of earthly state,
 But to the heights of greater things
 Thy life henceforth is consecrate."

[*Maidens' Chorus or recited by OLIVA and COLUMBA.*]
Chorus.

What unseen wonders round her wake,
 And move our souls to heavenly fear?
 Surely some angel bids her speak,
 Some angel presence bids us hear.

[*During the above URSULA stands in prayer. CONON listens and seems moved to prayer.*]

CON. [*suddenly*]. O Ursula, fly!

UR. List again! While on my journey it was revealed to me
 that here I should receive a martyr's crown. Oh, would you
 pluck it from my brow?

CON. [*as if awakening*]. Ah! now my dream is o'er!
 Now wist I what sped my longing heart.
 Changed is my love, to worship grown.
 But now that by Heaven we are so closely drawn,
 I lose thee in thine own clear light,
 I know thee now by faith, not sight.
 Methought to thee, mine angel spake,
 Near us he seemed yet above,
 Thine angel answered thus to mine:
 "When virtue perfected by pain

Hath changed earth-love to love divine,
 Then, stooping, we will lift these twain
 Where souls that love their God are one,
 Where He who made them is their joy.”
 We part not, Ursula, save in seeming. We are one—
 In spirit one, in spirit will rejoice,
 Two echoes of one mountain's thrilling voice.
 Nearer we are than words, than thought can reach,
 Nearest, as not belonging each to each,
 But both to Him, that Love who cannot die.
 So believe me, Ursula, I no longer aspire
 To earthly happiness even with thee;
 And instead of crowning thee Britain's Queen,
 I'll share thy crown of martyrdom.

UR. [*with delight*]. O now thou art indeed my king; nay, the king of men, my Ethereus, new born!

[*Noise without; the cry of the Huns, “Hu! Hu!” Enter Huns. CORDULA runs away; the others run in confusion.*]

ATT. Too late for flying! E'en now my warriors seize upon their own. Who would escape must choose 'twixt love and dying.

[*CONON attempts to shield URSULA, but is caught by two Huns, with whom he struggles.*]

ATT. [*to URSULA*]. And thou, fair maid, 'twixt torture and a throne.

Thy beauty fires my heart; a crown awaits thee.
 Yet will I not woo, e'en for eyes like thine;

A conqueror crowns, or his falchion mates thee.
 Choose if thou'lt be death's or mine.

Weep not, tho' thou'lt lose thy companions, for I will be thy husband and thou shalt be the greatest queen in all Europe.

UR. O thou cruel man! blind and senseless as thou art cruel, dost thou think I can weep for those who will die gloriously? For even by thy blood-stained hand, we may meet a glorious

death. Or dost thou hold me to be so base, so cowardly, that I would consent to survive these noble companions and beloved sisters? [CORDULA comes back to URSULA who embraces her.] Thou art deceived, and I defy thee, son of Satan, and him whom thou servest.

ATT. Choose quickly if thou'lt be death's or mine.

UR. [*in rapture*]. Not to the courts of earthly kings,

But to the heights of greater things,

My life henceforth is consecrate.

King—since king of men thou art,—

Know that thy sword can give a crown

More royal than blood-stained brow

Of warrior wins or monarchs own.

Aloft, unto a kinglier throne than thine,

I mount,—

The throne of Him who reigns above the world, alone!

ATT. Then thou shalt die! [*He raises bow.*]

HUNS. Hu! Hu! [*Raise their bows and adjust arrows, others raise battle-axes. CONON runs between URSULA and Huns as the curtain falls, during which there should be wild music and red lights.*]

SCENE III.—The same. A tableau is formed before the curtain rises, which should be done quickly to the same music that closed Scene 2. URSULA stands in centre with three arrows in her breast as if shot. She holds out her mantle, under which some of the maidens are gathered, and looks up in ecstasy. CONON lies prostrate on his right arm, with arrow at his heart; he looks up at URSULA over his left shoulder. CORDULA stands boldly before a Hun, who lifts a battle-ax as if to strike. IDA on her knees looks up at a Hun, who seizes her by the hair and raises ax. Others take positions similar, or as if shot by arrows, some on their knees, some prostrate, etc.

COR. [*as curtain rises*]. Thy wings, O Death!

Will bear our souls to portals of eternal days,

To win the crown whose gold is praise.

[*Unseen chorus sings "Veni Ursula."*]

UR. [*loudly and exultingly*]. Lord! Father! God! receive my

soul! The clouds unroll! I hear their hymn! I see them stand
with beckoning wings! The glorious One holds out His hand!
I come, my Lord, my Spouse, my King!

[*First, white light, then red light. Music.*]

[*Curtain.*]

[NOTE.—Where practicable, angels holding crowns and palms should
be above and behind the group.]

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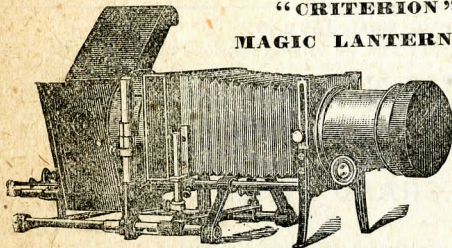
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